

G R O U P;

COMPOSED OF
THE MOST SHOCKING FIGURES,
THOUGH
THE GREATEST IN THE NATION:

PAINTED
IN AN ELEGY ON THE SADDEST SUBJECTS,
THE LIVING, DEAD, AND DAMNED;
SUCH AS
HOGARTH, DISHONOURABLE RIGHT HONOURABLES,
&c. &c. &c.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, (WHO IS ABOVE TITLE) AND
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

By SALVATOR ROSA.
OR, RATHER, THE REAL FRIEND OF MR. WILKES.

Poema est Pictura loquens.

HOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by C. MORAN, in the *Great Piazza*,
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MDCCLXIII.

G R O U P

THE MOST SIGNIFICANT

THE CLEARLY IN THE NATION

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HOGARTE, THE MOST SIGNIFICANT



THE CLEARLY IN THE NATION

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

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If neither deign my fainting Muse to enliven,

~~From Dyer's bright eyes, I'll snatch the line of glory.~~

But all are silent Wit and Beauty too.

Mute, then, my theme in Elegy I choose.

Come Elegy, in all thy mourning dress,

By woe thy Hogarth's soul is best express'd;

In charcoal Angelo our Saviour drew;

Liberty's Saviour to did Hogarth too;

Black paints the painter to the life, the dead;

Mourn heavy genius, Churchill hang thy head:

Wert thou indeed thy penive head to hang,

Even Hogarth's shade would make thy last hangings.

~~Hadst thou thy penive make vocal the mine grave!~~

And give that dead, which living he ne'er gave.



COME Wilkes, thou Master of my Verse and
Heart,

If Genius is from Heav'n, from Heav'n thou
art;

Come, and with all the beauty minds can know;

Make my free Verse as beautifully flow;

If, for the fair, you quit the witty God,

For Churchill call; like Wit, he waits thy nod;

B

If

If neither deign my fainting Muse t' enliven,

~~From Dyer's bright eyes, I'll snatch the fire of Heaven:~~

But all are absent, Wit and Beauty too,

Muse, then, my theme in Elegy pursue.

10

Come Elegy, in all thy mourning drest,

By *mourning* Hogarth's soul is best exprest;

In charcoal Angelo our Saviour drew,

Liberty's Saviour so did Hogarth too;

Black paints the painter to the life, tho' dead,

15

Mourn heav'nly genius, Churchill hang thy head:

Wert thou *indeed* thy pensive head to hang,

E'en Hogarth's shade would praise thy last harangue,

He'd grin thy praise, make vocal the mute grave,

And give that dead, which living he ne'er gave.

20

He rises Hercules, his club, his head,

Striking, at once, all *understanding* dead,

Like his strong barb'rous tints which murder light and shade.

But hark! the dismal bell tolls out for death,

Muse, sigh thy dying, never-dying breath,

25

Pour all thy soul of sorrow, all thy tears,

Lost is the first of fools, not first of peers;

When



When Zephyr scarce durst azure Thetis curl,
 Then Venus floated on a shell of pearl,
 An oyster-shell had held the genius of this earl.
 Muse, on his marble heart, to Virtue hard,
 Engrave white truth, truth there, till now, debarr'd ;
 On his black heart, or on his whiter hearse,
 To mem'ry sacred, live Truth's sacred verse.
 Weak with full pow'r, without the pow'r to charm, 35
 But only to do Wilkes and Virtue harm ;
 Worthless with wealth, beneath the beggar's scorn,
 With greatness little, and with birth low-born ;
 Sublimely base, low in sublimest pow'r,
 And, to crown all, sent Freedom to the Tow'r. 40
 Now mark th' inscription on white Virtue's stone,
 Engrav'd on all the hearts that Virtue own,
 Whose death, tho' feign'd, made all true Britons bleed,
 Whose death, suppos'd, to us was death indeed ;
 Not hears'd with kings, where he disdains to rest, 45
 But lodg'd for ever in his country's breast ;
 On that white marble read his spotless name,
 Engrav'd by Love, his country's love, his fame.

Strong without pow'r, with ev'ry pow'r to charm,
 And ministerial villains to disarm;
 Rich without wealth, his only treasure worth,
 Great beyond title, noble beyond birth;
 Honour sublime, too lofty for the Tower,
 Where Freedom's self was born in whitest hour;
 Patriots admire themselves in his desert,
 And view their beauty imag'd in his heart;
 The beauty of the foul, like Beauty there,
 Beholds reflected all that's heav'nly fair;
 Ye Honourable Scoundrels learn from hence,
 How great is honour, and how great is sense. 60
 From chains of darkness Heav'n set nature free,
 But Wilkes from real chains freed Liberty;
 Heav'n gave us Liberty, but Wilkes supports
 That tender ~~sain~~, in spite of hell or courts.
 Muse, drop thy heav'nly pen which fell from heav'n, 65
 Give it to curst law, by which hell's giv'n,
 To write, what ne'er was wrote, an honest will,
 His, who all Scotland would, but dare not, kill;
 Twice starv'd, froze rebels burnt his effigy,
 To warm themselves by flames of Liberty;
 That beauteous sacred flame which, like him, shall not die.

To England Wilkes resigns his free-born spirit,
 Which he hopes England ever will inherit;
 His papers leaves to him who *stole* them once,
 That they to genius may transform a dunce;
 He leaves his wit to B **, and his heart
 To T **, both the brave and gen'rous part;
 Heroic T **, valiant as his horse,
 Which B ** chang'd to when whipt o'er the course;
 For Wilkes's gen'rous heart both should cast lot,
 That noble heart without one courtly spot;
 To the fled Agent, with a title daub'd,
 As agents honest who a nation robb'd,
 Wilkes leaves his honesty, a vain relief,
 Alone a Saviour can convert a thief;
 To misers 'tis bequeathing treasur'd store
 They dare not use; or virtue to a whore.
 Wilkes leaves his honour to the Thane alone,
 For a strong reason, 'cause the Thane has none;
 For the same reason Wilkes, for legacy,
 Bequeaths the Thane his love and loyalty,
 All his sincerity and spotless truth,
 Thro' sacred love of England's sacred youth;

For fear he should be poison'd in his ear,
 Sleeping, in flatt'ry's garden, by a peer, 95
 The murd'rer of a family's vast wealth,
 Great England's too ; both stole by meanest stealth :
 And, after stealing all he can from both,
 He wants to steal away himself forsooth.
 But to our Hogarth, thus forgot a while, 100
 Deceas'd in fame, tho' *fam'd* for all that's vile.
 Mourn B *, in all the darkness of thy soul,
 In Scotland --- hell --- to wherefoe'er thou'lt stole ;
 For thou hast lost the vassal of thy nod,
 Who, *itching* for a Scot, forsook his God ; 105
 His God ! the muse mistook, his God is gold,
 For that his Saviour more than once was sold ;
 Honour's our heav'nly Saviour, and when lost,
 No more a Saviour we in heav'n can boast,
 'Tis Mis'ry's comforter, and dove-like Holy Ghost. }
 Hogarth fold Pitt for a *poor* hundred pound,
 Most *infamously* famous for that wound ;
 Thus Dian's temple, (emblem of Pitt's breast
 Of all that's sacred, all that's good, possessest

That

That beauteous temple then, as t'other now, 115
 The temple of chaste virtue and each vow,
 Both wonders of the world) a wretch one fir'd,
 Who to immortal infamy aspir'd.
 Hogarth ador'd thee B *, was all that's civil,
 Because in pow'r, so *Blacks* adore the Devil; 120
 The Devil himself turn'd pale, and look'd aghast,
 To find his darkness by B.*'s soul surpass;
 Then blush'd, like lighted charcoal, to behold
 The son more falshood than the fire unfold
 B* *itch'd* for Hogarth, Hogarth *itch'd* for him; 125
 Thus two Scots scratch each other's lep'rous limb:
 The *itch* of friendship, where *Scotch* friendship's seen,
 Which, to relieve you, strips you of your skin.
 The Devil once *itch'd* for heav'n, with heav'n bewitch'd;
 But none but Hogarth for the Devil e'er *itch'd*. 130
 Where art thou fled? thou wond'rous Scot, say where;
 If to hell's shades, thy Hogarth waits thee there;
 He there no more his spaniel tricks will shew,
 And lick, with flatt'ry's spittle, *foot to snow*;
 In hell respect reigns not, or 'mongst the damn'd, 135
 No flatt'ers there, although with *Courtiers* cram'd;

No

No lucre to allure; e'en Hogarth there
 Is but the *Painter* of his own despair:
 But to his friend, his more than regal Scot,
 The more indeed, the more severe our lot;
 Forgot in solitude, but not by me forgot:
 When I forget him, then forget me heaven,
 Or Wilkes by whom to *sneaking* shades he's driven;
 Fled to his soul's dark shade, where not one spark
 Of virtue glimmers through the *mighty* dark:
 Like H * * * s's head, that *mighty* void,
 Not by one *atom* of a thought destroy'd.
 Vain dreams of pow'r, like air, fill up his skull,
 For ever *empty*, and for ever *full*;
 There Ignorance in darkness makes her tour,
 And, *blundering*, travels through the vast obscure,
 As noble blockheads journey into France,
 And, as they go, in ignorance *advance*;
 Advance in ev'ry folly's ev'ry dress,
 Then home return in their full *emptiness*;
 Thus B * * * m posts through his barren brain,
 Hunting for thought, but hunts alas in vain;
 And, without finding thought, finds all its pensive pain;

To genius 'tis a pleasure, by heaven given,
 To fools, the greatest pain that's under heaven. 160
 No more in couples H * * * can hunt,
 Dead is his state twin-puppy, E * * *;
 Now solitary as a desert owl,
 Or a lone judge, Minerva's other fowl;
 Like Orpheus, when Euridice was lost, 165
 He mourns, but can't from *hell* recall a ghost;
 'Twould strike his very soul, if he had one,
 But courtiers, like the Turkish fair, have none;
 Yet he and T * * both have souls, though coarse,
 One 'tis his whore, and t'other 'tis his horse: 170
 He's melancholy as a lover's lute,
 For the departure of *lov'd gen'rous B **,
 Who plays upon the heart-strings of the ---,
 There heav'n alone should strike the *sacred string*,
 And wide diffuse the harmony around, 175
 Love without end, and rapture without bound;
 Not his own Queen should touch his breast more near,
 Than his dear people, who are all that's *dear*.
 B * soon intends to shape all Europe round,
 In all that space his likeness can't be found; 180

D

Like

Like the blue plague, he means to spread *abroad*,
 And mark with ruin all his fatal road;
 He seems to have young Ammon's fame in view,
 One wish'd more worlds to conquer, this *'undo*:
 He, in his flight, should stop to visit Bruhl, 185
 Who makes, of what heav'n made *a king, a fool*;
 Nature should shut him from society,
 As pestilential ships are driven to sea;
 Where e'er he goes, no desert is too drear,
 'Tho *dark* with him, guilt peoples it with fear. 190
 To hide him from himself, not dark enough
 Is any desert, he is desert proof;
 This wooden idol hid himself in wood,
 And to a *den of thieves* turn'd solitude;
 Howling he fled, struck through with satire's dart, 195
 Growling he *kennels* in his *filibier* heart;
 That *kennel* where a king, in friendship's chace
 Shelter'd in haste, and sanctify'd the place;
 One stain pollutes him, 'tis such company
 As nothing but *his own* can sanctify. 200
 No Stuart should usurp the royal ear,
 And whisper what a nation may not hear;

B * should accompany his namesake *John*,
 And only him when *execution's* done;
 His house's vast foundation is eras'd,
 Oh! were *his own* so too, from earth effac'd!
 Both rose from rubbish, so may both too end, 107
 One built on *ruins*; Wortley heav'n defend!
 Mountague this dark verse can best explain,
 Whose injur'd worth shall consecrate the strain:
 But to the wretch, when hid in sacred shade,
 Once sacred, since infernal by him made; 210
 So Satan once curs'd Eden in it's birth,
 And chang'd e'en Paradise to hell on earth:
 O sacred solitude how thou'rt prophan'd,
 Once grac'd with poets, now with rapine stain'd;
 They only ravish'd beauteous thoughts from heaven, 215
 Whilst B * has *ravish'd* all that heav'n has given;
 In solitude's dark shade he sneaks and skulks,
 Thus thieves by night conceal themselves on bulks,
 Thus murder shelters in St. Peter's dome;
 At once the glory and the shame of Rome. 220
 Satan, though in the gloom of hell, is seen
 In all that's bad; so B * no shade can skreen.

Ye groves, your lillies ought to roses turn;
 And with a beauteous indignation burn;
 Your roses ought to turn as lillies pale
 With horror, since a villain treads your vale:
 Or ought to, more than nature makes you, blush,
 To find such steps your modest beauties crush;
 The flow'ry vales of heav'n so Satan trod,
 The Devil himself walk'd on the flow'rs of God;
 Spare the same simile, so oft, uncivil,
 Since nothing else can match him but the Devil:
 Now Virgil's myrtle ought indeed to bleed,
 Once thought unnat'ral, now a nat'ral deed;
 Each grove should bleed when e'er the wretch appears,
 Who it's dear country *stabs* and bathes in tears;
 Each *trembling* grove starts from its stedfast root,
 To see it's Eden blasted by curst B*:
 The mournful echo echoes England's wrongs,
 And sends to heav'n her voice, in various tongues.
 The murm'ring streams, as *murm'ring* at their fate,
 Rush into rapid torrents to retreat;
 Each hides its head within its silver urn,
 Left B* e'en *water* to *bell-fire* should turn.

War,

War, horrid war, great Virgil's strains declare; 245
 He prophecy'd, for B* is nature's war.
 Just is the nightingale's lamenting strain,
 'Tis B*, not Tyreus, makes her now complain;
 That sylvan charmer thus exclaims,---- Sweet, sweet,
 Just Judge of heav'n, send B* from our retreat; 250
 The cooing doves reply,----O Heav'n do, do,
 He's neither worthy of our groves or you:
 Our sacred groves, where Genius walk'd to heaven,
 And found it, in bright inspiration given;
 Where Genius wander'd, frightful Horror stalks, 255
 And turn's to hell's dark shade heaven's pensive walks:
 Horror I call him, since by all abhor'd,
 As much as God is by all earth ador'd.
 Hell has it's miracles: the violet,
 From heavenly azure, darkens to hell's jet 260
 At sight of B*, as if the very Devil
 Had conquer'd heav'n, and turn'd all good to evil:
 Shock'd, Nature starts, and flies up to her God,
 When by a wretch her sacred groves are trod.
 But to our Theme, groves hang your wooden head, 265
 The sign-post Painter of the King is dead;

Mourn all ye groves, of courtiers or of wood,
 Ye *bowing* groves, in sense *all solitude*,
 Full of *lone emptiness*, which, never yet,
 Was interrupted with the voice of wit; 270
 Where honour never walks, or rather *strays*,
 But dwells with Wilkes, where she delighted stays;
 Leaning her head upon his honest breast,
 As if she there alone found heav'nly rest.
 Ye wooden heads on high, ye *signs* at court, 275
 Of flatter'd flatt'ry's breath the fools and sport,
 Who wave with ev'ry wind that int'rest breathes,
 As wave the gibbeted upon our heaths:
 Had Hogarth liv'd, you too had liv'd in paint,
 In painted wood, like some dull popish saint. 280
 Ideots and poets strive alike for fame,
 Immortal both, the difference is the name;
 B** will be immortal as a Pope,
 Ribbons make famous some, and some a rope;
 'Tis all the same, a ribbon or a cord, 285
 A ribbon's the silk *halter* of a Lord.
 When noble garters the ignoble deck,
 They should not, then, adorn the knee, but neck.

In French, blue ribbons are called cordon bleu,
 That is, blue string, when worn by knaves 'tis true,
 And that alas, heav'n knows; we but too often view.
 But to our Sign-post Raphael, had he liv'd, 290
 In pannels then court fools had death surviv'd;
 In paint then still had breath'd an E * * *,
 And shewn, in solid wood, his *solid* front;
 Though fame reports it was not pistol-proof,
 The thickest courtier cannot boast that roof; 295
 At *first*, or *last*, 'tis certain his was *crack'd*,
 No matter which, one of the two is fact:
 As Indians prove their warriors, so 'twere good
 To prove *Court Indians*, which has thickest wood;
 Those matchless blockheads are in Hogarth lost, 300
 Hampton-Court beauties, blockheads, *ours* can boast:
 Wood nat'rally had shewn each *natural*,
 Dull dogs of Dukes, Earls, Lords, the Devil and all,
 Such as two S * * * *, one sad tool
 Is lost, while t'other mourns his fellow fool: 305
 Thus when one ass leaves t'other on the way,
 Th' abandon'd ass will for his brother bray:

These

These *senatorial* geese, the same in feather,
 They should have died, and not have din'd together;
 'Tis said one died (that action all extol) 310
 Because he had betray'd the capitol;
 He stole away to death, of Wilkes afraid;
 Thus heav'nly brightness drives away night's shade;
 'Twas Wilkes, or guilt, ('tis strange such contrasts have
 The same effect) which drove him to the grave: 315
 He drove Wilkes to the Tow'r, by Wilkes he's driven
 To death's dark tow'r,---the grave---now both are even.
 When he did Wilkes the honour of the tower,
 (Seiz'd by the ruffian hand of lawless power)
 Then Wilkes the Tow'r too honour'd in his turn, 320
 Then patriot flames burn'd in *Rebellion's* urn;
 That sacred fire, e'en for the Tow'r too strong,
 Which burns for all, and sweeps all earth along.
 Oh heaven-born Liberty! at thy blest name,
 The Muse takes fire, and soars to heav'n in flames; 325
 There, where you ever reign, the region views,
 Sacred to heroes, sages, and the Muse:
 When God gave genius, God gave freedom's pow'r,
 Clip but their wings, no more the muses soar:

What's

What's heav'n-born thought but liberty to think? 330

Thence flows the fountain of the poet's ink;

Thence flows a Cato's blood, or Wilkes's soul,

For all, for ever, flowing, ever full;

Thence flows the beauty of a Churchill's mind,

As heaven's own beauty, free, and unconfin'd,

To crush th' exalted base, the refuse of mankind:

The graces hold her train, which sweeps along

O'er heav'n, and sweeps to her own sacred song,

The song of wisdom; and from heav'n her train

Descends, and, from vile earth, sweeps all that's mean: 340

So once wit's God, from high, pour'd shafts beneath,

And ev'ry feather'd dart was winged death.

As fair Narcissus o'er a fountain lean'd,

T'admire those charms which could not be attain'd,

So, hanging o'er clear Churchill's flowing strain,

I view that beauty I shall ne'er attain,

For ever I admire, but, ah! admire in vain:

Yet I, the meanest of th' inspir'd throng,

Find genius flow, when freedom gives the song;

'Tis liberty and love plant heav'n on earth,

When free to love where passion has it's birth;

When souls mount up to heav'n in mutual flame, 350
 And find it in their hearts, each heart the same;
 Pure love and beauty are the sacred fount,
 Which draws, by thirst of knowledge, up Fame's mount;
 Thence flows the genius of the bard and sage,
 To charm, as to enlighten, endless age: 355
 E'en I, when Dyer darts her angelic fires,
 Write like an angel---th' angel who inspires.---
 That solitary angel who's *alone*
 In goodness, and like God---an *only* one.---
 The sylvan-winged angels of the grove 360
 For ever warble liberty and love;
 To us they're angels, for how seldom we
 Can boast of love, the heaven-born liberty;
 How oft, in vain, my youthful heart has glow'd,
 T'enjoy dear beauty, solitude, and God. 365
 O wish of nature, and devotion's pray'r,
 In those three graces centres all that's fair,
 There heav'n is found on earth, if heav'nly Dyer is there.
 The muse soar'd high, and sing'd her wings in heaven,
 Now to the lowest depth of hell she's driven;

'Tis

'Tis B *, that minister of hell, the fiend,
 By which a prince is from his people skreen'd,
 And, by an Indian skreen, from hell, the hottest Ind ;
 An Indian skreen, and of the darkest hue,
 Painted with crimes which Indians never knew ; 375
 There see a M ** scalp'd, his reason bare,
 Expos'd to flattery's unwholesome air ;
 This Indian darkens the bright drawing-room,
 And throws on sacred sense the dullest gloom ;
 A mourning fan before the face of beauty, 380
 The son of foot thus makes white fatten footy.
 This ever climbs, although pull'd down by all,
 Vent'ring his neck, to break it by a fall ;
 The higher he *mounts*, the *dirtier* he appears,
 And looks as if to hell he went up stairs : 385
 This son of darkness, darker in his soul,
 Thinks himself fair, though stain'd with all that's foul ;
 Filth blushes at him ; when Blacks darkest are,
 'Tis then they fancy they're most heav'nly fair.
 This chimney-sweeper as a snow-ball tost
 Cold Charity, when lately reign'd the frost,
 Thus, once the Devil play'd with the dove-like Holy Ghost.

'Tis

'Tis pity a bright P * *, once ador'd,
 By the best people heav'n on earth e'er pour'd,
 Should forfeit, tho', I hope, without a stain, 395
 That sacred love which she can ne'er regain;
 That Paradise of kings, and to their cost,
 They often find it Paradise but lost.
 How can a Scot a beauteous soul bewitch!
 'Tis strange, as if an angel caught the itch. 400
 While Justice strikes, soft pity drops a tear,
 For that all-charming sex, as fair as dear:
 That beauteous sex, that's beautiful alone;
 But more than beauteous, when on Virtue's Throne;
 Chast beauty is our only angel here, 405
 And seen as seldom in our earthly sphere;
 She's the heart's angel, with love's heav'nly wings,
 Alone from her our thought of angels springs;
 She's sacred Royalty, without its guards,
 Except her graces, but without at cards; 410
 When, like, all-wasting, fell N * * * *,
 Who ruin deals around, with ruin's hand;
 Bright with all jewels but the brightest gem,
 Which goodness buys alone, the world's esteem;

Haughty,

Haughty, in mein, all spotted o'er with pride, 415
 Which e'en her coronation robes can't hide:
 Her very ermine shews the beast the more;
 Her game, devouring; ruin, all her roar;
 A savage to the virtuous in distress,
 Which she wou'd sooner murder than redress; 420
 Like her own tygres, chain'd within her court,
 Is t'other beast, but of a fiercer sort;
 Of real Virtue more appear the marks,
 In that *uncommon Common* beauty Sparks:
 Whose charms and hair entangle ev'ry heart; 425
 By a hard world doom'd to an hated part:
 I'd sooner take her to the nuptial bed,
 Than one whose foul is to curst gaming Wed;
 Fame, in a ruin'd charmer's breast, may wake,
 And to a Lucrece change a female rake; 430
 What cannot Virtue? but she never yet,
 Of a wild gamester made a profelyte;
 That wonder Saviour Reason cant perform,
 In vain she walks the waves, to calm the storm;
 In vain extends her hand, no time to think, 435
 Reason and Fortune there together sink:

The ocean roars at A * *'s, there you see
A drop of water sink a family.

The ladies have a tutor to teach play ;
Gentlemen should have one for the highway : 440

Tho' that's their nat'ral genius, when they've lost,
Almost the only genius they can boast ;
To rob is nobler than to filch at game,
The latter merits a pick-pocket's name.

O Game ! thou curs'd debauch'ry of the soul 445

And ev'ry sense, the ruin of the whole ;

The French disease of the fair sex's mind,

And of their body too, we often find,

When *real* Honour pays *false* Honour's debts,

And Love's entangled in Game's treach'rous nets. 450

Th' enamour'd youth, alas ! his fate how hard,

Who hopes to find a heart, and finds a card !

'Tis like the compliments of Quality,

We find a card instead of some dear she :

How many are the rivals of poor man, 455

An ape, a dog, a ribbon, or a fan !

A black, a monkey, and a parrot, are

The Indian Trinity of half the fair.

Now,

Now, from the fair, to all that's foul again,
 The chimney-sweeper of our former strain: 460
 On May-day, as the gloomy sons of foot
 In paper crowns and mock-blue ribbons strut,
 More innocent their pomp than that of kings,
 They wear the courtier's ribbons, not his stings;
 (Wou'd the white hands of half the courtiers were 465
 As snowy, as the footiest hand that's there)
 They, through the streets, to clatt'ring music romp,
 And shew pomp's mockery by mocking pomp;
 Thus our court chimney-sweeper wears a star,
 Not all heaven's stars can make his bosom fair; 470
 He wears the shining honour as 'twere stole;
 The Devil too has his star, his flaming soul.
 Muse, pull B * 's ribbon off, it is a blot,
 Thus pestilence appears an azure spot;
 Blue ribbons are heav'ns azure, when they veil 475
 A noble heart; when not, blue flames of hell:
 His prince may give him titles, but none can
 Give him the best, that of an Honest Man.
 This son of dirt, from dirt, like Venice, rose;
 Dirty, in all he ever did, or does. 480

To virtue dead, muse, thus preach o'er his urn, —
 He came from dirt, to dirt he shall return;
 To dirt too he returns in ev'ry deed;
 At dirty work, no mole can him exceed.
 Fav'rites have short to live, or to deceive; 485
 No more he's ours, without a short French leave;
 Nothing he brought, and nothing should take out,
 When he sneaks off, to make all Europe's rout:
 What our Lord gave, our Lord shou'd take away;
 Then blessed be our Lord, and blest that day. 490
 B * springs from dubious climes, from all springs evil;
 Tho' sprung from heav'n, the Devil is still the Devil:
 Thus surplic'd as a dove, or gown'd a raven,
 Still W * * 's the same blackguard of bright heav'n.
 Old Homer's birth by many towns was claim'd, 495
 But who the Devil wou'd e'er claim the damn'd?
 Arm me with thunder, heav'n, and lightning too,
 To blast this plague that's rob'd in *fatal blue*;
 The monster stalks, and strides, from north to south,
 Op'ning as wide his all-devouring mouth 500
 With northern Famine; with a mouth as wide,
 His northern mother, and Jocasta bride.

The spectre shakes, tho' born midst *Scythian* snows,
 He, o'er the shade, his spotted mantle throws,
 Cross'd red and blue; one bleeding *England* paints,
 And t'other flatt'ry's air, which monarchs taints;
 That azure blast which a whole nation kills,
 And the cross shews we're crucify'd with ills:
 The motley mantle spreads o'er all the land,
 Spread by the monster's curst extensive hand;
 E'en Famine ghastly smiles, her hopes revive,
 Who would devour the very plague to live:
 He spreads his arms, which reach from pole to pole,
 As if he would embrace, and crush the whole;
 He clasps his spouse, and lifts his head sublime,
 High as Ambition's; or *our* starry clime;
 His pois'nous breath pollutes the throne above,
 His fatal breath infects our very *Jove*:
 Tho' his head strikes the stars, for love of pow'r,
 He'll stoop, beyond Hell's centre, to devour.
 Thus once the Devil, for dark damnation's sake,
 First flew an angel, and then sneak'd a snake:
 This spotted thing that flies, skulks, sneaks, and creeps,
 Now sweeps a plague; a leprosy next sweeps:

The itch (that, like its sons, a num'rous clan,
 In floods of flame, sweeps the whole earth of man)
 First sprung from Hell, that's why its bowels hold
 Such stores of sulphur, Scotland's *only* gold;
 For cure, the leprous Scotch should there be cramm'd,
 And, out of heav'nly mercy, all be damn'd.
 But, to our lordly monster, to return,
 As he may never, --- what glad hearts would burn,
 High as bright Freedom's flame, which makes Heav'n glow,
 High as his base ambitious soul is low!
 Colossus-like, the huge enormous fiend
 Bestrides the sea, and blasts to farthest Ind;
 Thetis he turns to pestilential blue,
 No more she boasts her heav'nly azure hue;
 Our floating tow'rs he shipwrecks with a breath,
 His touch is ruin, and his breath is death;
 It steals o'er Thetis sons like midnight theft
Himself; --- the sailor droops, of strength bereft,
 Loose from his feeble hand wide flies the cord,
 No more obedient to its former lord;
 His cords of strength, his nerves, forsake him too;
 Fainting, he sinks, in death's own pallid hue;

In vain the waves by prosp'rous gales are curl'd,
 A breath subdues the Victor of the world;
 That pois'nous breath which o'er a monarch stole,
 The breathing poison of his ear and soul;
 The sacred youth thought 'twas the breathing spring,
 So, oft, seems flatt'ry's breath to a young king.
 Pandora's box, whence ev'ry evil fell,
 Was the first courtier's mouth, or mouth of Hell;
 When our court-plague first open'd his, the court
 Was seiz'd with vapours of a fatal sort;
 Backwards the maids of honour, or of none,
 Fell, as when first their honour was undone;
 True honour and the honour of the Great,
 Are diff'rent, as true silver and French plate.
 The gay court painted flowers fell down in heaps,
 The courtly rouge forsook their cheeks and lips;
 Like a court friend, forsook them when distress'd,
 The French fop fled, in pink and silver dress'd;
 E'en plaister'd B * * *, for once, turn'd pale,
 And found her colour-shop of beauty fail;
 Plaister of Paris all in her may view,
 Plaister of Paris, of a rosy hue.

C * *, the maid of honour, *honour's* maid,
 For the first time, upon her back was laid; 570
 C * *, the *modern* Lucrece, wife to one,
 W * to another, stabb'd by Dukes alone.
 V * fainted; all the Graces with her faint,
 The Virtues weep --- for Goodness sins a Saint.
 The smooth obedient courtiers downward fell,
 Corrupted by that breath which rose from Hell, 575
 Which poisons all but some in Virtue's league,
 With stedfast Wilkes, whose soul defies the Plague,
 Such as our William, now the Conqueror
 Of ev'ry heart, and each curst Scot in pow'r; 580
 As on his stream at Windsor he delights,
 So he against the stream of courtiers fights;
 Against a tide of villains strongly rows,
 His forest bows, and worships, as he goes;
 His stream but imitates his flow of soul, 585
 Which generously flows, to bless the Whole:
 As the pale lilly lives by streams, so he
 Gives blooming health to pallid Poverty.
 Muse, mention Devonshire, above all name
 But, what he blushes at, Immortal Fame: 590

Temple,

Temple, whose soul adds sweetness to his Stowe,
 And makes it, with unusual fragrance, blow;
 Full harmony of soul, in Stowe's sweet walks,
 Drowns e'en the nightingale, when Temple talks:
 So Plato rov'd, and made the grove divine,
 With heav'nly genius, Temple, such as thine:
 All-noble Rockingham (O let me speak,
 Else my full heart, with gratitude will break)
 All-noble Rockingham, whose heart is Heav'n,
 The Poor's --- In charity, they find it giv'n;
 He starts for Virtue, and leaves, far behind,
 The distanc'd goodness of half human kind.
 Grafton, whose soul no fortune can command,
 And puts e'en Nature's bounty to a stand;
 Whose heart and hand are open to relieve,
 As B *'s curst hand is to receive, or th---:
 He could not long of Treas'rer keep the post,
 The Treas'ry, soon, its very name had lost.
 As the curst Plague in various spots appears,
 So B *, a spotted spaniel, shakes his ears;
 He sneaks a spaniel, in each spaniel art,
 And, fawning, licks himself into the heart;

Familiar, leaps upon his *Master's* breast,
 As dogs will do, when they're *too* much carefs'd;
 Then vainly boasts he is of Charles's breed, 615
 So too are dogs, --- he's a sad dog, indeed!
 Chang'd, a long caterpillar now he crawls,
 And leaves his slime upon the royal walls;
 Then creeps, a vileameleon, on the green,
 As once at Court, the meanest 'mongst the mean; 620
 Assumes all colours; but not one so dark,
 As that which stains his soul, Hell's horrid mark:
 In meanness, peeps a mouse, or dives a mole,
 Into the dirty darkness of his soul;
 There, digging deep, he breaks into the light, 625
 The light of Hell, and shudders at the sight.
 Thus our Court-Proteus varies ev'ry shape,
 Now leaps a tyger, and now grins an ape,
 O'erjoy'd, as thieves repriev'd, in any shape t' escape.
 Curst be the moment when the wretch was born, 630
 Who scorns all merit, and is merit's scorn;
 Who overturns th' Almighty's plan on earth,
 And, to the worthless, gives a nation's worth;

Who

Who scalps the bleeding hero of the war,
And strips him naked; Monckton shews his scar : 635

Blush villain, if a villain ever blush'd,
View whence the blood, to save its country, rush'd,
So eager, that it almost out-fled life,
To save that matron, in the martial strife;

Monckton, who, by a miracle, survives; 640

Whose soul, thro' Greatness, spite of Nature, lives.

How could'st thou dare t' impoverish that rich flood,

Which nobly flow'd, for dearer England's good?

How dare to drain New York of profit dry,

And rob a hero, thro' OEconomy? 645

Thus Julius, crown'd with laurel, was struck dead;

Not Brutus, but, O B *, should now be said.

'Tis base ingratitude to rob the Brave,

Since, to their valour, we owe all we have,

Or all we *had*, the Muse should rather say; 650

For, by our gen'rous Peace, all's giv'n away.

B * Monckton robb'd, because by Pitt approv'd;

'Tis dang'rous, e'en by Heav'n, to be belov'd.

Wretch! of bright Honour if you have one spark;

Fight Pitt, but stab not heroes in the dark. 655

Of

Of black Revenge thou art the S--d--mite,
 Thou stabb'ft behind, afraid to face, and fight;
 Base Paris wounded thus Achilles' heel,
 The Grecian Monckton of the Grecian weal,
 While terror struck one more, than t'other fatal steel.
 The Muse is struck with Fame's immortal ray,
 O! come, my genius, Monckton lead the way;
 Fame's steep ascent, to thee, is smooth and even,
 As, to an angel's steps, the plains of Heaven.
 You know the way to Fame you mark'd with blood; 660
 You know the way to Heav'n --- 'tis doing good:
 Not *pious*, impious goodness, without soul,
 But that, like Genius, which knows no controul,
 Embracing, and embrac'd, by the admiring Whole.
 Scarce more Love's flame, the blush of beauteous Dyer, 665
 Inspires me, than thy beauteous martial fire:
 Permit the Muse the honour to declare
 That she was bred with thee, thou Son of War;
 In youthful days, with thee she us'd to rove,
 By Science guided, in fair Learning's grove, 670
 Bright with thy conqu'ring Genius, which excell'd,
 As, with thy radiant glory, is the field,
 Victorious both alike; alike not born to yield.

The Muse perceiv'd not, in those days of Truth,
The future hero in the learned youth. 675

Thus, too, the regal virgins could not guess
Who was Achilles, in a female dress.

Thou youthful hero, yet grown old in arms,
Whom danger wakes to fame, but not alarms ;

The whistling ball which struck thy stedfast frame, 680
Struck not thy soul, but mark'd immortal fame :

Thy modest hand the bleeding wound conceal'd,
Which bleeds, thro' age, to latest time reveal'd ;

Should too the Muse her wings to age extend,
This be her fame ; that Monckton was her friend ; 685

Me life, the Muse immortal life, he gave,
He bade both live, and grief rose from the grave ;

May too this verse of gratitude flow down,
To endless ages, long as time is known,
Stamp'd on white Virtue's alabaster breast, not stone. }

Great without pomp, as often lov'd as view'd,
Unconquer'd, only by himself subdu'd ;

Politely plain, and nobler than his birth,
Greater than grandeur, dignify'd by worth ;

In worth, as arms, unconquer'd, and to none 695
 Owing his greatness, but himself alone
 And God, the object of his fame and soul,
 Which nothing else can daunt, or can controul :
 Great in humanity as in the field,
 By enemies belov'd when forc'd to yield. 700
 Of soul sublime, yet stooping to distress,
 Thus soars an Angel, and thus stoops to bless.
 Such is a Monckton, whom the hostile plain
 Best paints, in crimson mountains of the slain ;
 Or his own soul, which strikes with martial awe : 705
 Thus only Raphael could a Raphael draw.

BUT why should Elegy forsake her urn,
 And cypress wreath for Satire's crown of thorn ;
 Once Lewis, in the chace, to find relief,
 Flew o'er the plains, to fly away from grief ; 710
 Why should not then the Muse of mournful strain,
 Hunt down a savage, to divert her pain ?
 Her pain for Hogarth's death, which draws the tear
 E'en from court crocodiles, for once, sincere ;
 One of whose lying smiles of fatal power, 715
 Can more than all Nile's crocodiles devour.

Relate,

Relate, O Muse, if grief permits thee breath,
 The cause of the immortal Hogarth's death :
 As he and Churchill journey'd on to fame,
 Thro' rugged Satire, Satire both their aim, 720
 Unlucky Churchill's more unlucky horse,
 With his dash'd hoof, stretch'd Hogarth out a course ;
 It levell'd at his heart, but there, alas !
 Was none ; the horse there prov'd himself an ass ;
 The blow glanc'd upwards, and struck Hogarth's roof, 725
 Which, like an old crack'd ceiling, was not proof ;
 His soul indignant rush'd in froth and foam,
 Wond'ring who knock'd, when no one was at home.
 A leaden white, mix'd with a crimson stain,
 Display'd the ill-mix'd colours of his brain ; 730
 The Line of Beauty there no soul could find,
 (The Line of Beauty is a *beauteous* mind)
 Envy turn'd paler at her Hogarth's death,
 And fear'd, in him, she should resign her breath ;
 Infamy mourns, o'er earth her vast train sweeps, 735
 Rack'd Rancour drinks her poison ; Malice weeps,
 Like ladies weeps, because her Monkey's lost ;
 No more her Monkey Genius she shall boast.

Black H ** fled to France, to find relief;
At once to dance away his guilt and grief. 740

Like the Greek slaves, amidst our griefs, we dance,
And dance away, to France, the slaves of France.

Since, by the *glorious* Peace, to France we're sold,
'Tis fit true subjects should their king behold,
And duteous, to him bear their last expiring gold. }

Foul E * * * r, tho', seeks fair Italy,
His native country there he longs to see;

There, born are all his wishes and desires,
Our country's that which the soul most admires;

His trav'ling turns all knowledge to a farce, 750
For all H I S knowledge only is my a---;

Dear lady E * * * r, Italian saint
Or sinner, goes for paintings or for paint,

No matter where he goes, in ev'ry place,
Wrong'd Beauty's ghost will stare him in the face; 755

The Muse too travels; fond to go astray,
She can't resist it, when fools cross her way;

She picks them up as Virgil, when a swain,
Pick'd up his sheep, to drive them o'er the plain; }

Virgil, apt simile to suit the Muse's strain.
Fools

Fools are the Muse's simple sheep alone,
And mark'd, with stain immortal, for her own.

BUT to our Hogarth; Sigismund should mourn
O'er him, and he o'er her, a just return;
'Those beauties which from heav'n great Dryden snatch'd, 765
Which Hogarth could not paint, and therefore scratch'd;
As if to Beauty's self a spite he bore,
And, with sharp Envy's phangs, her graces tore;
Thus, when some faultless nymph, *except* in life,
Trips Drury's walks, arises sudden strife; 770
The hags of Envy mangle ev'ry charm,
And Beauty's face, of what they want, disarm.
Sigismund mourns not o'er her lover's heart,
But o'er her own, stabb'd in the noblest part,
Her sacred fame; 'tis wounding e'en the dead, 775
Hogarth has murder'd her who gave him bread;
Starv'd her to death with colours weak and faint,
Depriv'd of life, the life that's giv'n by paint.
But peace to Hogarth's ashes, o'er whose urn
His Sigismunda should to ashes turn; 780
A sacrifice to all the Graces due,
For they were sacrific'd when her he drew.

Correggio's Sigismund how greatly fine,
 The strongest, tenderest, grief in ev'ry line!
 Distracting beautiful in all that charms, 785
 In all that moves the heart, or that alarms:
 Leaning on marble, marble she appears,
 Pale, cold, and motionless, except her tears;
 Her heart drops in them, on her dearer heart,
 The very tears seem from the piece to start; 790
 Mutely she mourns, o'er all her bleeding wrongs,
 Beyond th' expression of ten thousand tongues;
 Her tears to weeping marble change her breast,
 Whose motion shews the heart that knows no rest:
 Th' uplifted marble heaves with struggling grief, 795
 Buried alive, but dead to all relief.
 'Tis not her heart, that, which her bosom wears,
 But that before her, bath'd with endless tears.
 Could the wrong'd fair have seen the pictur'd shade,
 The force of painted grief had struck her dead; 800
 And, to view Hogarth's piece, could she revive,
 She'd blush to death, ashamed to be alive.
 Correggio's piece and Dryden's stand alone,
 Except Pope's Eloisa, both in one.

Some thought great Hogarth mounted to the skies, 805
 To paint, in Light's own colours, for Heav'n's prize;
 There Light performs a *heav'nly* Raphael's part,
 Mixing its colours with celestial art;
 There Light the Raphael plays, but not the fool,
 Or Hogarth, mixing colours without rule; 810
 Heav'n, if he's with you, tremble, to your throne,
 He'd make a Devil of God, for half a crown;
 A God, too, of the Devil; for instance, -----,
 His deeds, accurst, prove it, beyond dispute;
 Who damns a nation, is the fire of evil, 815
 But Hogarth thought gold good, tho' from the Devil:
 Tremble, ye angels, he'll foil all your silks
 Of whitest Virtue: witness injur'd Wilkes;
 Because he could not stain his beauteous soul,
 Meanly, a blemish'd feature from him stole; 820
 Skulking, he stole it, while the Patriot stood
 All Nature's Patriot, for one nation's good.
 Had Hogarth dar'd to give black Malice scope,
 How had been mangled crooked, beauteous, Pope!
 He thought not Pope still breath'd in Churchill's breath, 825
 To write him dead, and damn him after death.

Deform'd

Deform'd was charming Pope; Wilkes has his beam,

That heav'nly Genius may but human seem.

The grinning Furies, when of late they saw

A human Monkey heav'nly Genius draw,

830

Admir'd Hell's malice, in an earthly shape,

And shew'd a Hogarth as we shew an *ape*.

Some thought the monkey climb'd the lunar sphere,

Since all, once mad on earth, are treasur'd there;

Were he admitted to that silver sky,

835

His dog, alone, should bear him company;

Were his dark soul to stain bright Cynthia's orb,

Eclipse, eternal, would her light absorb;

But, trust the Muse, she saw him downward plunge,

Headlong to Hell, with pallet arm'd and sponge;

840

There draws in charcoal, as before he drew,

There darkens, still, the Virtue he ne'er knew.

Hogarth had rov'd, had he reach'd heav'nly day,

Like Virgil's Daphnis, in the milky way,

To bleach his hell-born soul in Heav'n's pure argent ray.

The milky way of suckling Kings and fools,

And ass-like ministers, in malice, mules:

Kings

Kings, after death, there suck the breast of Heaven;
 Alas! too late, in vain then Wisdom's given;
 Poland, deluded by his Bruhl, there finds, 850
 Too late, the wisdom which should wait Kings' minds.
 A royal Baby, wrapt in Flatt'ry's silk,
 To him the Milky Way is asses' milk.
 There brains of idiot Kings, for once, have pow'r,
 And turn Heav'n's milk to asses' milk that's sour; 855
 Which wicked Fav'rites are compell'd to drink,
 And, from keen knaves, into dull asses sink?
 'Tis just, since they made sacred royalty
 Drink a King's asses' milk, smooth flattery.
 The regal *innocents* sit on their lap, 860
 And suck, at second hand, soft Flatt'ry's pap;
 Lull'd dead asleep, with stupid songs of praise,
 In silver cradles, made of argent rays;
 The hand of Flatt'ry rocks them too and fro',
 A dead repose is all of Heav'n they know; 865
 As heav'nly life were a dead sleep alone,
 And the Almighty nodded on his throne.
 Ye royal slumb'ers, for your subjects' sake,
 With all its eyes, as Heav'n wakes, you should wake;

M

When

When that pale Beauty's dim, the Milky Way, 870
 Some Fav'rite's soul o'erclouds her midnight day;
 In her, are seen the brains of blockheads here;
 Since, here not using them, they leave them there;
 Thence flow the Laureat's strains of asses' milk,
 With Genius, hard and soft; a ball of filk. 875
 H * * * n's brain, of asses' milk the cream,
 As thick as four, all pride and self-esteem,
 Too thick for all the pow'r of artful Wit to skim.
 There, in ic'd cream of asses' milk, are seen,
 The brains of booby B---th---y, hard and mean. 880
 There B---rt---'s brains, a froth'd whipt sillabub,
 A Gen'ral, Lord! and Fool, aye, there's the rub.
 And, to conclude, in a whipt cream, repose
 The frothy brains of all our modern beaux.

Lo! the Moon rises, full of E * * *, 885
 Big with a fool, and dull on his account;
 In clouded majesty she shines, like him,
 So *clouded Majesty* he made more dim;
 He strikes with dullness ev'ry star, at once,
 And makes it own itself Heav'n's *sacred dunce*; 890

E'en

E'en the full moon looks fuller with his face,
 And big with fool, turns pale at the disgrace ;
 D * be not, more than Nature made thee, dull,
 Monthly, thou'lt view thy full fool in his Full ;
 On the dull court, he'll shed dull influence, 895
 And show'r down, what it wants not, --- want of sense ;
 Then, once, a villain to a fool shall turn,
 And B * his want of understanding mourn ;
 Altho' a villain is a fool, at best,
 For Wisdom's pillow is a spotless breast,
 The pillow where, alone, the tender heart can rest ;
 'Tis there Peace finds the Comforter alone,
 Lies on its dove-like breast, and finds its own :
 Virtue, immortal youth, there finds Heav'n giv'n,
 'Tis slumb'ring on the breast of am'rous Heav'n : 905
 Not Beauty's bosom charms with such delight,
 As our own bosom, when with Virtue white.
 Pomp's cunning cannot steal us from ourselves,
 Nature forbids ; thoughts are our fairy elves
 That pinch us for the evil we have done ; 910
 Know it we must, tho' 'tis by earth unknown.

Pomp cannot beautify what stains the heart,
 Then Pomp's state-coach moves slow a Tyburn cart;
 Though plac'd with Kings, no King can conquer Fear,
 In him Guilt dreads its executioner.
 E * * *, like the dog-star, proper name,
 With future madness shall the Court inflame,
 And by a miracle, ne'er happen'd yet,
 Shall make those lose their wits, who have no wit;
 He's justly lodg'd in Cynthia's silver Tower,
 Since Wilkes in ours he lodg'd, by ruffian power;
 Dark with a dunce, Heav'n's tower is chang'd to ours,
 But Wilkes chang'd ours to Heaven's, by his bright powers;
 Light cannot be confin'd, he soon broke forth,
 In all the blaze of honour and of worth.

BUT to pale Cynthia's vast inhabitants,
 Pregnant with fools, fools are her Turkish saints;
 The shades of those who were but shades before,
 Beaux and pert Lordlings tread the silver shore;
 There, in a lady's pin, with diamond head,
 One spark of wit, hops pert Lord Fanny's shade.
 When silver-tissu'd Cynthia's in her full,
 Broad B---h--ps preach, or N-rt-n roars a bull,

Deliver'd

Deliver'd by his tongue, she is reliev'd,
 By his conception, which can't be conceiv'd. 935
 Hark! the deep solemn bell, slow pausing, tolls,
 As pausing with deep thought for parting souls,
 Or those who never had, departing Lords, or Fools. }
 Lo! the proud Scot the dark procession leads,
 And adds a darkness, e'en to mourning weeds; 940
 The sable courtiers hang their heavy head,
 Pendant with weight of sorrow, or of lead;
 Each bends his head, like an o'er-hanging rock,
 Mournful, they move together, block by block;
 Churchill at last appears, to grace the hearse, 945
 In all the Pomp of poetry and verse;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust is said,
 While dirt is thrown upon the *dirtier* dead.
 As on white marble, blackest lyes appear,
 Which make pale marble paler seem with fear, 950
 Muse imitate that modern sacred style,
 So full of praise, so full of lyes, the while;
 Muse scruple not a lye, all Hell forbid,
 To scruple one for Hogarth, who ne'er did;

How ready, with the darkeſt lye, to ſtain, 955
 White Virtue, ſpotleſs Honour, and their train.
 Here reſts the greateſt painter ever was,
 Whoſe beauteous life his beauteous picture draws ;
 Sublime in ſoul, as painting ; and beyond
 All vain deſcription, but his Sigismund ; 960
 Above all courtly bribe, or penſion'd place,
 A friend to Wilkes, in Honour's bright diſgrace :
 The tints of Titian, Raphael's juſt deſign,
 Paulo's free ſtroke, as free as Churchill's line,
 In him all center'd ; but to Churchill's pen, 965
 I leave the painting of this Firſt of Men ;
 Yet ſtop ; the back part of the marble view,
 The marble of white Truth, which lye ne'er knew :
 Here reſts the dirtieſt dauber ever ſmear'd,
 Whoſe dirty colours, in his life, appear'd ; 970
 As low in ſoul, as painting, and beneath
 All Satire, and too vile Heav'n's air to breathe ;
 All brib'ry and corruption in his heart,
 A foe to Wilkes, to Honour, and Deſert ;
 Not Raphael's juſt deſign, or Titian's tints, 975
 Can paint the wretch as Churchill's ſtroke imprints ;

Were

Were Elegy her mourning pall to spread,
 O'er all the living, that are damn'd and dead;
 In ev'ry ftreet, throng'd fun'ral would appear,
 And half the world for t'other mourning wear ; 980
 Damn'd minifters, damn'd poets, and damn'd plays,
 Which, as a puppy fees, but live nine days.
 Damn'd B* fhould *itch* for death, and *scratch* his grave,
 The only refuge he deserves to have;
 Damnation, like a poet, he furvives, 985
 And, fpite of a whole nation's curfes, lives:
 Mourn'd by his captains, F-rb--s and J--nf--n, fouls
 Equally brave, Bobadil and Parolles.
 My injur'd King and country call me forth;
 Face me, thou pale, cold coward of the *North*. 990
 Alas! he dares not face himfelf --- his heart ---
 To challenge cowards, 'tis a coward's part;
 The bad are always cowards: let him die,
 And dark oblivion fhade his infamy.

F I N I S.

Were happy her mourning hall to forest;

O'er all the living that are dunn'd and dead;

In every street, through all the world appear;

And half the world for loathsome mourning wear;

Damn'd ministers, damn'd poets, and damn'd plays

Which, as a puppy tees, but live nine days.

Damn'd B. should weep for death, and leave his grave

The only refuge he deserves to have;

Damnation, like a poet, he survives;

And, spite of a whole nation's curses, lives:

Mourn'd by his captains, T. D. and J. M. D. D.

Equally brave, Robb'd and Parolles.

My injur'd King and country all me forth;

Face me, thou pale, coward of the North.

Alas! he dares not face himself -- his heart --

To challenge cowards, his a coward's part;

The bad are always cowards: let him die,

And dark oblivion shade his infancy.



